



CHAPTER I.

## At the Home of Hugo Chevet.

It was early autumn for the clusters of grapes above me were already purple, and the forest leaves were tinged with red. And yet the air was soft, and the golden bars of sun flickered down on the work in the field through the laced branches of the trellis. The work was but a pretense, for I had fled the house to escape the voice of Monsieur Cassion who was still urging my uncle to accompany him on his journey into the wilderness. They sat in the great room before the fireplace, drinking, and I had heard enough already to tell me there was treachery on foot against the Sieur de la Salle. To be sure it was nothing to me, a girl knowing naught of such intrigue, yet I had not forgotten the day, three years before, when this La Salle, with others of his company, had halted before the first line of the continent, and the sisters had then welcomed for the night. 'Twas my first friend, and he had stroked my hair to tenderness. I had sung to them, and watched his face in the firelight as he listened. Never would I forget that face, nor believe evil of such a man. Not from the lips of Cassion nor even from the governor, La Barre.

I recalled it all now, as I sat there in the silence, pretending to work, how we watched them embark in their canoes and disappear, the Indian paddlers bending to their task, and Monsieur de la Salle, standing, bareheaded as he waved farewell. Beyond him was the dark face of one they called the Tonty, and in the first boat a mere boy lifted his ragged hat. I know not why, but the memory of that last was clearer than all those others, for he had not met me in the hall and we had talked long in the great window over the water came, and took me away. So I remembered him, and his name, Rene d'Artigny. And in all those years I heard no more. Into the black wilderness they swept and were lost to those of us at home in New France. No doubt there were those who knew—Frontenac, Bigot, those who ruled over us at Quebec—but 'twas not a matter supposed to interest a girl, and so no word came to me. Once I asked my Uncle Chevet, and he replied in anger with only a few sentences, bidding me hold my tongue; yet he said enough so that I knew the Sieur de la Salle lived and had built a fort far away, and was buying furs of the Indians. It was this that brought jealousy and hatred. Once Monsieur Cassion came and stopped with us, and as I waited on him and Uncle Chevet, I caught words which told me that Frontenac was La Salle's friend, and would listen to no charges brought against him. They talked of a new governor; yet I learned but little, for Cassion attempted to kiss me, and I would wait on him no more.

Then Frontenac was recalled to France, and La Barre was governor. How pleased my Uncle Chevet was when the news came, and he rapped the table with his glass and exclaimed: "Ah! but now we will pluck out the claws of this Sieur de la Salle, and send him where he belongs." But he would explain nothing, until a week later, Cassion came up the river in his canoe with Indian paddlers, and stopped to hold conference. The man treated me with much gallantry, so that I questioned him, and he seemed happy to answer that La Barre had already dispatched a party under Chevalier de Baugis, of the King's Dragons, to take command of La Salle's Fort St. Louis in the Illinois country. La Salle had left, and was already at Quebec, but Cassion grinned as he boasted that the new governor would not even give him audience. Bah! I despised the man, yet I lingered beside him, and thus learned that La Salle's party consisted of but two voyageurs, and the young Sieur d'Artigny. I was glad enough when he went away, though I gave him my hand to kiss, and waved to him bravely at the landing. And now he was back again, bearing a message from La Barre, and seeking volunteers for some western voyage of profit. 'Twas of no interest to me unless my uncle joined in the enterprise, yet I was kind enough, for he brought with him word of the governor's ball at Quebec, and had won the pledge of Chevet to take me there with him. I could be gracious to him for that and it was on my gown I worked, as the two planned and talked in secret. What they did was nothing to me now—all my thought was on the ball. What would you? I was it.

The grape trellis ran down toward the river landing, and from where I sat in the cool shadow, I could see the broad water gleaming in the sun. Suddenly, as my eyes lifted, the dark outline of a canoe swept into the vista, and the splashing paddles turned the prow inward toward our landing. I did not move, although I watched with interest, for it was not the time of year for Indian traders, and these were white men. I could see those at the paddles, voyageurs, with gray cloths about their heads; but the one in the stern wore a hat, the brim concealing his face, and a blue coat. I knew not who it could be until the prow touched the bank, and he stepped ashore. Then I knew, and bent low over my sewing, as though I had seen nothing, although my heart beat fast. Though lowered lashes, I saw him give brief order to the men, and then advance toward the house alone. Ah! but this was not the slender, laughing-eyed boy of three years before. The wilderness had made of him a man—a soldier. He paused an instant to gaze about, and held his hat in his hand, the sun touching his tanned

# BEYOND the FRONTIER

## A STORY OF EARLY DAYS

by RANDALL PARRISH

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cheeks, and decking the long, light colored hair.

"Mademoiselle," he said gently, "pardon me, but is not this the home of Hugo Chevet, the fur trader?" I looked up into his face and bowed as he swept the earth with his hat, seeing at a glance that he had no remembrance of me.

"Yes," I answered. "If you seek him, rap on the door beyond."

"'Tis not so much Chevet I seek," he said, showing no inclination to pass me, "but one whom I understood to be his guest—Monsieur Francois Cassion."

"The man is here," I answered quickly, yet unable to conceal my surprise, "but you will find him no friend to Sieur de la Salle."

"Ah!" and he stared at me intently. "In the name of the saints, what is the meaning of this? You know me then?"

I bowed, yet my eyes remained hidden. "I knew you once as monsieur's friend," I said, almost regretting my indiscretion, "and have been told you travel in his company."

"You knew me once?" he laughed. "Surely that cannot be, for never would I be likely to forget. I challenge you, mademoiselle, to speak my name."

"The Sieur Rene d'Artigny, monsieur."

"By my faith, the witch is right, and yet in all this New France I know scarce a maid. Nay look up; there is naught to fear from me, and I would see if memory be not new born. Saint Giles! surely 'tis true; I have seen those eyes before; why, the name is on my tongue, yet fails me, lost in the wilderness. I pray you mercy, mademoiselle!"

"You have memory of the face you say?"

"Ay! the witchery of it; 'tis like a haunting spirit."

"Which did not haunt long, I warrant. I am Adele la Chesnayne, monsieur."

He stepped back, his eyes on mine, questioning. For an instant I believed the name even brought no familiar sound; but his face brightened and his eyes smiled as his lips echoed the words.

"Adele la Chesnayne! Ah! now I know. Why 'tis no less than a miracle. It was a child I thought of under that name—a slender, brown-eyed girl, as blithesome as a bird. No, I had not forgotten; only the magic of three years has made of you a woman. Again and again have I questioned in Montreal and Quebec, but no one seemed to know. At the convent they said your father fell in Indian skirmish."

"Yes; ever since then I have lived here, with my uncle, Hugo Chevet."

"Here!" he looked about, as though the dreariness of it was first noticed. "Alone? Is there no other woman?"

I shook my head, but no longer looked at him, for fear he might see the tears in my eyes.

"I am the housekeeper, monsieur. There was nothing else for me. In France, I am told, my father's people were well born, but this is not France, and there was no choice. Besides I was but a child of 14."

"And 17, now, mademoiselle," and he took my hand gallantly. "Pardon if I have asked questions which bring pain. I can understand much, for in Montreal I heard tales of this Hugo Chevet."

"He is rough, a woodsman," I defended. "Yet not unkind to me. You will speak him fair?"

He laughed, his eyes sparkling with merriment.

"No fear of my neglecting all courtesy, for I come beseeching a favor. I have learned the lesson of when the soft



He Paused an Instant to Gaze About, and Held His Hat in His Hand.

speech wins more than the iron hand. And this other, the Commissaire Cassion—is he a bird of the same plumage?"

I made a little gesture, and glanced back at the closed door.

"Oh, no; he is the courtier, to stab with words, not deeds. Chevet is rough of speech, and hard of hand, but he fights in the open; Cassion has a double tongue, and one never knows him."

I glanced up into his sobered face. "He is a friend of La Barre."

"So 'tis said, and has been chosen by the governor to bear message to De Baugis in the Illinois country. I seek passage in his company."

"You! I thought you were of the party of Sieur de la Salle?"

"I am," he answered honestly, "yet Cassion will need a guide, and there is none save myself in all New France who has ever made that journey."

"'Twill be well for him to listen to my plan. And why not? We do not fight the orders of the governor; we obey, and wait. Monsieur de la Salle will tell his story to the king."

"The King? To Louis?"

"Ay, 'twill not be the first time he has had audience, and already he is at sea. We can wait, and laugh at this Cassion over his useless journey."

"But he—he is treacherous, monsieur."

He laughed as though the words amused.

"To one who has lived as I, amid savages, treachery is an old story. The commissaire will not find me asleep. We will serve each other, and let it go at that. Ah! we are to be interrupted."

He straightened up facing the door, and I turned, confronting my uncle as he emerged in advance. He was a burly man, with iron gray hair, and face reddened by out-of-doors; and he stopped in surprise at sight of a stranger, his eyes hardening with suspicion.

"And who is this with whom you converse so privately, Adele?" he questioned brusquely, "a young popinjay now to these parts I venture."

"My call was upon you, Monsieur Chevet, and not the young lady," he said quietly enough, yet with a tone to the voice. "I merely asked her if I had found the right place, and if Monsieur the Commissaire Cassion was still your guest."

"And what, may I ask, might be your business with the Commissaire Cassion?" asked the latter, pressing past Chevet, yet bowing with a semblance of politeness, scarcely in accord with the studied insolence of his words. "I have no remembrance of your face."

"Then, Monsieur Cassion is not obedient," returned the younger man pleasantly, "as I accompanied the Sieur de la Salle in his attempt to have audience with the governor."

"Ah!" the word of surprise exploded from the lips. "Sacre! 'tis true! My faith, what difference clothes make. I mistook you for a courier du bois."

"I am the Sieur Rene d'Artigny," "Lieutenant of La Salle's?"

"Scarcely that, monsieur, but a comrade; for three years I have been with his party, and was chosen by him for this mission."

Cassion laughed, chucking the gloomy faced Chevet in the side, as though he would give point to a good joke.

"And little the trip hither has profited either master or man, I warrant. La Barre does not sell New France to every adventurer. Monsieur de la Salle found different reception in Quebec than when Frontenac ruled this colony. Where went the fur stealer?"

"To whom do you refer?"

"To whom? Heaven help us, Chevet, the man would play nice with words. Well, let it go, my young cock, and answer me."

"You mean the Sieur de la Salle?"

"To be sure; I called him no worse than I have heard La Barre speak. They say he has left Quebec; what more know you?"

"No secret, monsieur," replied d'Artigny quietly enough, although there was a flash in his eyes, as they met mine. "The Sieur de la Salle has sailed for France."

"France? Bah you jest; there has been no ship outward bound."

"The Breton passed at St. Roche, held by the fog. When the fog lifted there was a new passenger aboard. By dawn the Indian paddlers had me landed in Quebec."

"Does La Barre know?"

"Faith! I could not tell you that, as he has not honored me with audience."

Cassion strode back and forth, his face dark with passion. It was not pleasant news he had been told, and it was plain enough he understood the meaning.

"By the saints!" he exclaimed. "'Tis a sly fox to break through our guard so easily. Ay, and 'twill give him a month to whisper his lies to Louis, before La Barre can forward a report. But, sacre! my young chancier, surely you are not here to bring me this bit of news. You sought me, you said? Well, for what purpose?"

"In peace, monsieur. Because I have served Sieur de la Salle loyally is no reason why we should be enemies. We are both the king's men, and may work together. The word has come to me that you head a party for the Illinois, with instructions for De Baugis at Fort St. Louis. Is this true?"

Cassion bowed coldly, waiting to discover how much more his questioner knew.

"Ah, then I am right thus far. Well, monsieur, 'twas on that account I came, to volunteer as guide."

"You! 'Twould be treachery."

"Oh, no; our interests are the same so far as the journey goes. I would reach St. Louis; so would you. Because we may have different ends in view, different causes to serve, has naught to do with the trail thither. There is not a man who knows the way as well as I. Four times have I traveled it, and I am not a savage, monsieur—I am a gentleman of France."

"And you pledge your word?"

"I pledge my word—to guide you safe to Fort St. Louis. Once there I am comrade to Sieur de la Salle."

"Bah! I care not whom you comrade with, once you serve my purpose."

I take your offer, and if you play me false—

"Restrain your threats, Monsieur Cassion. A quarrel will get us nowhere. You have my word of honor; 'tis enough. Who will compose the party?"

Cassion hesitated, yet seemed to realize the uselessness of deceit.

"A dozen or more soldiers of the regiment of Picardy, some couriers"

being there, and what object he might have in this long converse with my uncle. Yet I was not sent for, and no doubt it was some conference over furs, of no great interest. The two were in some scheme I knew to gain advantage over Sieur de la Salle, and were much elated now that La Barre held power; but that was nothing for a girl to understand, so I worked on with busy fingers, my mind not forgetful of the young Sieur d'Artigny.

Chevet did not return to the house after Monsieur Cassion's canoe had disappeared. I saw him walking back and forth along the river bank, smoking, and seemingly thinking out some problem. Nor did he appear until I had the evening meal ready, and called to him down the arbor. He was always gruff and bearish enough when we were alone, seldom speaking, indeed, except to give utterance to some order, but this night he appeared even more morose and silent than his wont, not so much as looking at me as he took seat, and began to eat. No doubt Cassion had brought ill news, or else the appearance of d'Artigny had served to arouse all his old animosity toward La Salle. It was little to me, however, and I had learned to ignore his moods, so I took my own place silently, and paid no heed to the scowl with which he surveyed me across the table. No doubt my very indifference fanned his discontent, and I remained ignorant of it, until he burst out savagely.

"And so you know this young cockerel, do you? You know him, and never told me? Where before did you ever meet this popinjay?"

"At the convent three years ago. La Salle rested there over night, and young d'Artigny was of the party. He was but a boy then."

"He came here today to see you?"

"No, never," I protested. "I doubt if he even had the memory of me until I told him who I was. Surely he explained clearly why he came."

He eyed me fiercely, his face full of suspicion, his great hand gripping the knife.

"'Tis well for you if that be true," he said gruffly, "but I have no faith in the lad's words. He is here as La Salle's spy, and so I told Cassion, though the only honor he did me was to laugh at my warning. 'Let him spy,' he said, 'and I will play at the same game; 'tis little enough he will learn, and we shall need his guidance.' Ay! and he may be right, but I want nothing to do with the fellow. Cassion may give him place in his boats, if he will, but never again shall he set foot on my land, nor have speech with you. You mark my words, mademoiselle?"

I felt the color flame into my cheeks, and knew my eyes darkened with anger, yet made effort to control my speech.

"Yes, monsieur; I am your ward and have always been obedient, yet this Sieur d'Artigny seems a pleasant spoken young man, and surely 'tis no crime that he serves the Sieur de la Salle."

"Is it not?" he burst forth, striking the table with his fist. "Know you not I would be rich but for that far stealer. By right those should be my furs he sends here in trade. There will be another tale to tell soon, now that La Barre hath the reins of power; and this d'Artigny—bah! What care I for that young cockerel—what I hate the brood. Listen, girl, I pay my debts; it was this hand that broke Louis d'Artigny, and has kept him to his bed for ten years past. Yet even that does not wipe out the score between us. 'Tis no odds to you what was the cause, but while I live I hate. So you have my orders; you will speak no more with this d'Artigny."

We watched him go down the grape arbor to the canoe, and no one spoke but Cassion.

"Pouf! he thinks well of himself, that young cockerel, and 'twill likely be my part to clip his spurs. Still 'tis good policy to have him with us, for 'tis a long journey. What say you, Chevet?"

"That he is one to watch," answered my uncle gruffly. "I trust none of La Salle's brood."

"No, nor I, for the matter of that, but I am willing to pit my brains against the best of them. Francois Cassion is not likely to be caught asleep, my good Hugo."

CHAPTER II.

The Choice of a Husband.

It was just before dark when Monsieur Cassion left us, and I watched him go gladly enough, hidden behind the shade of my window. He had been talking for an hour with Chevet in the room below; I could hear the rattle of glasses, as though they drank, and the unpleasant arrogance of his voice, although no words reached me clearly. I cared little what he said, although I wondered at his purpose in

PAID DEARLY FOR VANITY

How Diplomats' Precious Stones Were Leveled on to Fill Out the Lean Privy Purse.

The princeling of the comic opera country had sent to his minister in a far rich country the decoration of the National Order of the Golden Goat. It was a cheap trinket, plentifully adorned with imitation jewels. But the minister, being a vain man and prosperous, had the false stones replaced by real ones, and wore his order thereafter with proper pride. Then after some years the princeling came a-visit to the far country. Naturally the minister came to pay his respects. Almost at once the eyes of the princeling fell upon the order with the real stones, and he sat as one fascinated, prolonging the interview with idle questions and paying no attention to the answers. He was resolving a problem—for the privy purse was leaner than usual just then. At last he saw his way clear to make a coup.

"It is time," he said to the minister, "that your valuable services to your country should receive additional recognition from your country's prince. I hereby (he reached into a pocket somewhere about his plump

person) advance you from the second to the first class of the Order of the Golden Goat." With these words he pinned upon the minister's swelling chest the new decoration. Of course it was necessary to remove the old decoration first. This, with its collection of real stones, he dropped carelessly into one of the royal pockets.

Miners to Have Warm Meals.

A large coal mining company has arranged to provide warm, substantial meals to the men working from 200 to 400 feet underground. An electric range has been installed in one of the lowest chambers of the mine. In these are prepared hot lunches which are served in an underground restaurant at prices barely covering the cost of the food. It has been found that this not only adds to the comfort of the men who had hitherto been compelled to eat cold food, but it also adds to their productive capacity. A marked increase in the amount of coal taken out was noted the first month after the electric range was installed.

Poker Player Evidently.

The landlord has raised the rent again. "Well?" "Shall we drop out or stay?"

Swallows Keeper's Keys.

Philadelphia.—Accidentally dropping his keys, Keeper Manley of the Zoological gardens was locked in a cage with an ostrich for two hours when the bird swallowed the keys.



## NEWSBOY STUDENT STARTLES EXPERTS

Evolves, at Pennsylvania University, a Simple Extraction of Square and Cube Roots.

Philadelphia.—Wendell Sooy, once a newsboy, who is now going through Pennsylvania university by his own efforts, lived up to the tradition of genius by startling a class of teachers at the university with a demonstration of a brand new method which he has evolved for the extraction of square and cube roots, and the simplification of the task that was the bugbear of almost everyone during schooldays.

Sooy, by the method he has invented, can do a problem in five seconds that

ordinarily requires about twenty minutes of hard work by a practical mathematician.

Various teachers in his audience flashed long numbers running into millions at Sooy, and he was never longer than four seconds in finding the cube root and chalking it on the blackboard.

The key to Sooy's method is a table which includes the cubes of all numbers up to nine. This, under his system, the demonstrator must memorize. He has found an interior system of numbers by which when the sum total is cut into sections of three numbers from right to left the problem of division solves itself almost automatically by the application of the final numbers in the key.

Sooy has a definite bent for mathematics. Prof. Vocum and others at the university characterized his system as extremely interesting from a technical viewpoint.

Can Do a Problem in Five Seconds.

Later It Is Discovered by Young Men Who Agree to Educate the Waif.

Atlanta, Ga.—The Decatur orphans' home, located near here, is harboring a pink-faced baby girl that lies on its pillow and stares at the ceiling as ordinary babies do, unconscious of her peculiar distinction. For this baby was born beside a new-made grave, was buried by her mother under six inches of soft earth for 11 hours, and then was rescued by young men who heard its faint cries coming from the cemetery.

Rev. T. J. Noland, who carried the baby from Adairville, where it was found, to the orphans' home, declared the mother is known, but that the men of the community have decided that they will care for and educate the waif.

According to the story related by Rev. Mr. Noland, the baby was born in a cemetery in the night, and the mother, who was alone, dug up the soft earth at the head of a new grave and laid the child in the hole. Then she covered it with earth and crept away. When the young men heard the infant's cries they searched all around. But there was no child in sight.

Finally the rescuers began feeling in the earth and dug the baby out. She was warm and vigorous and protested loudly against being disturbed. The naked child was carried to a drug store and cared for. Later Rev. Mr. Noland and his wife took charge of the infant, whose name, they declare, shall be Dixie.

SEES SON'S BODY FROM CAR

Train Is Stopped and Father Identifies the Corpse as His Missing Child.

Redding, Cal.—While riding on the train from Delta to Redding, Mrs. Frank Brown, looking from a window, saw a body on the bank of the Sacramento river. She screamed and said, "There's my boy!"

The train was stopped and Frank Brown, the husband and father, stepped to the rocks and identified the remains as those of his son, Jesse, seventeen years of age, who had disappeared.

Relatives hunted for two weeks and then gave up the search. No surmise can be made as to how he met his death in the river, except that he fell in while walking on the bank to avoid being seen.

Trout Chokes Kingfisher.

Toledo, Ore.—Greed seems to have wreaked vengeance on an avaricious kingfisher that plied the Yaquina river near Elk City, according to Wilmer Nelson, who lives on the bank. The boy noticed the bird dive and bring to the surface an unusually large trout. Then ensued a battle royal, the fish trying to escape and the bird trying to swallow its prey. When the kingfisher appeared distressed, the boy went out in a boat, picked up the bird, dead, with the big trout stuck in its gullet.

Swallows Keeper's Keys.

Philadelphia.—Accidentally dropping his keys, Keeper Manley of the Zoological gardens was locked in a cage with an ostrich for two hours when the bird swallowed the keys.

## HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN

Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health—

Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not do my own work. I had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all you claim. Now I feel as well as ever and am able to do all my own work again. I recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. James Conley, 516 St. Clair St., Frankfort, Ky.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it will be confidential.

Wanted. Used Tractor Engines. Of 10 to 20 H.P. in good condition. Will be paid for. Rebuilt and repaired. Automobiles of leading makes. Mr. Corcoran, 1000 Locust St., St. Louis.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in

MALARIAL REGIONS, will find Tutt's Pills the most gentle restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

Wants to Develop Her Soul.

Defying parental authority and scorn, Miss Violeta Wilson, daughter of a Stitt Wilson, the former mayor of Berkeley, has withdrawn from the University of California. She announced that it was her intention to develop her own soul and that she intended to get an education from real life and not one the whole significance of which lay in a college diploma. Miss Wilson registered in letters and sciences at the university last August, but after a few months decided that her studies were hampering rather than assisting her mental growth. So, despite the wishes of her parents, she left the classroom.—San Francisco Chronicle.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

is her hair. If yours is streaked with gray, grizzled, gray hairs, use La Creole Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Former Waste to Be Utilized.

Among the recent patents filed in England is a process for removing the solder, tin and chemicals from scrap and galvanized articles and for utilizing the base metals. The inventor is a South Wales tinplate worker, who has already obtained contracts from several municipalities for treating down refuse such as tin cans, containers and similar metallic waste products.

STOPS EPILEPSY, FALLEN SICKNESS

Quickly. Thirty years of uninterrupted success of Dr. Kline's Epilepsy and Falling Sickness Remedy. Sold by all druggists. D. D. KLINE COMPANY, Red Bank, N. J.—Adv.

Horse Has Ragtime Habit.

A Cleveland horse has a preference for ragtime. When he heard the notes of a popular song from a phonograph the other day in a store he fox-trotted